

like he always did

by Puella Scribit

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Summary: "Your bike squeaks too much." He hated Hinata's bike. / a 3-part kagehina drabble.

1. Chapter 1

He hated Hinata's bike. As they walked home together, Kageyama glared at the offending item as it remained between them, squeaking impudently as the front wheel's lopsided chain rounded the loop. _Squeak. Squeak. Squeak._

"Hinata?" He cursed his inability to say the boy's name without an edge (better an edge than a shake).

"Hmm?" Hinata interrupted himself in the middle of whatever ridiculous story he'd been telling.

"Your bike squeaks too much." _Just like you._ But the difference, the large difference, was that Hinata's squeaking was sunshiney (if that was even a word), and Kageyama secretly admitted to himself that he could listen to Hinata's squeaking for days, weeks, years.

"Oh. The chain's lopsided! Anywaysâ€¦"

_I already knew that. _But Kageyama was terrible at breaking silences, and that was the only thing he could think of to say besides something stupid like "your squeaking is cute" or "your hair reminds me of the sun" because those things were way to romantic and cheesy and he wasn't used to thinking things like this because oh god, this little, goddamned energetic spiker was going to be the death of him.

So he listened to Hinata's story, taking very little in, and chose instead to stare at the freckle on the left side of Hinata's nose and ignore the stirring somewhere in his gut that wondered what it would be like to press his lips to it.

All too soon (blessedly soon!) they reached the fork in the road. Kageyama hesitated, like he always did, and drew in a breath as if to speak, like he always did, and Hinata Shouyou did not notice and turned down the fork in the road, an orange-and-blue disappearing speck. Just like he always did.

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><p>AN: I'm becoming obsessed with the volleyboys. send help.

2. Chapter 2

A/N: This sort of turned into another drabble. Whee!

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><p>Ch2<p>

Hinata hated the way Kageyama spoke. It was too short, too flatâ€¦ it made it seem like he didn't care. And Hinata Shouyou couldn't stand the thought that Kageyama Tobio might not care about him.

So he spoke extra quickly and extra loudly, as if to make up for the other boy's ominous silences that stretched on, punctuated by small, negative comments as the road dragged on and the blue bike squeaked between them.

He spoke about the weather, about the sky (he loved the color of the sky, but only at night â€" that was when it was most like Kageyama's eyes), about the failed tests he'd taken, watching, waiting, for a glimpse of a reaction from his stoic companion. He even spoke about one of his friends who had confessed to him, blushing and stuttering as Hinata couldn't reciprocate her feelings. This brought at least an eyebrow-slant from Kageyama, and Hinata had to tilt his head away to hide the grin that threatened to overtake his face.

"Kageyama?" They were nearing the fork in the road, and Hinata was suddenly struck with a daring notion.

"What, dumbass?"

The negative slurs were a normal part of their routine now, and Hinata refused to let it faze him. "Want to come over to my house for a bit? Toss me some more, maybe?"

The setter abruptly stopped. Hinata looked back, uncertain. Then, after an indeterminable pause, Kageyama shrugged and said, "Nah."

"Oh. But we can work more on our quick-attacks in my backyard?" Hinata was getting desperate, although he wasn't quite sure why. "Pleasepleaseplease!"

A baleful blue eye turned to stare at him, some strange emotion flickering through its depths, before Kageyama rolled his eyes exaggeratedly and conceded.

As they trudged the rest of the way to Hinata's house, the

orange-haired boy leaping expressively and with a tad more excitement than usual, there was something uncertain in the taller boy's stride. It was as if the break in their routine had set him off-kilter, and his comments waxed with Hinata's energy.

This, at least, is new, thought Hinata. _He's not like he always is â€" but I like it._

3. Chapter 3

Ch3

Volleyball practice is going well, noted the captain. _Eerily wellâ€" it's too quiet. _

The oddball duo, Hinata and Kageyama, wasn't arguing. _For once._

"Toss me another one!" called the orange-haired boy, and instead of a dark comment, Kageyama simply tossed. His form was as clean as ever, but something was off about him today, something about him that seemed almostâ€" uncertain?

_No, _ thought Daichi. _Kageyama, uncertain? Never._ Yet the evidence was before his eyes, and when Hinata stooped to pick up the ball, his arm brushed Kageyama's in a way that was in no way unintentional. Daichi peered through the volleyball net, wondering what Kageyama would do.

He blushed.

Kageyama â€" the surly, proud setter, the team member least prone to sensitive emotions (except, perhaps, Tsukishima) â€" blushed.

A laughing voice behind Daichi remarked, "Isn't it cute?"

Sugawara was at his shoulder, staring fondly at the first-years who had just resumed their playful bickering.

"Cute?" _The scary setter and his hyperactive spiker? Cute?_

"Daichi, you can be very thick sometimes," Suga gave him one of those all-knowing smiles, "but you'll see soon enough."

**â€" **

After a productive practice, the team sat outside the cornerstore, munching on pork buns. Daichi watched the oddly-acting pair, waiting for the truth to dawn on him as Suga had predicted.

As Hinata wolfed down another bun, Kageyama subtly wiped off the crumbs from his companion's face. Hinata froze, then began to grin wildly as he leaned forward to peck Kageyama's cheek. "Thanks, Tobio-chan!"

The taller boy glowered at the nickname, muttering, "I told you not to call me that," but any venom lacing his words was quickly destroyed as he tousled Hinata's orange hair and kissed him lightly

on the nose. Both boys quickly blushed, but Hinata resumed his excited chatter and Kageyama returned to his usual self.

_Oh. _Daichi wanted to slap himself for being so slow. He made his way back to the rest of the team and slid onto the bench next to Suga. "I figured it out."

"Told you," smiled Sugawara.

As the sun set, the team straggled back to their houses, and Daichi walked behind to observe his first-years. _They're not like they always are,_ he thought, _but I like it._

Hinata and Kageyama were arguing about something, as usual. The taller boy glowered with all his might, shooting snarky comments that were most certainly _not_ laced with affection. As the two grew fainter in the distance, Daichi could barely spot Kageyama take Hinata's fingers in his own and continue down the road. It might have been Daichi's imagination, but Kageyama's cheeks were fiery enough to match Hinata's hair as they strode into the setting sun.

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><p>AN: A third and final part to this longer-than-drabble. It was a bit harder to write Daichi, but I hope you enjoy!

End
file.